

Goodwin's Weekly

"A Thinking Paper for Thinking People"

TO THE PUBLIC

A Word by the New Editor

N many American communities the weekly journal of criticism has won enduring favor. In some communities it has failed because it has served no useful purpose. Either it has had no mes-

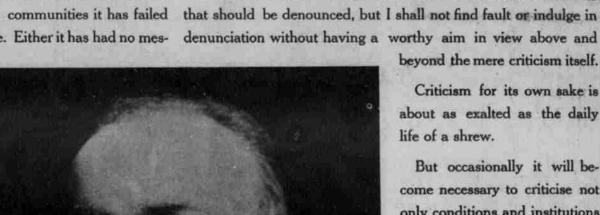
sage to deliver or it has delivered the message in an inadequate or offensive manner.

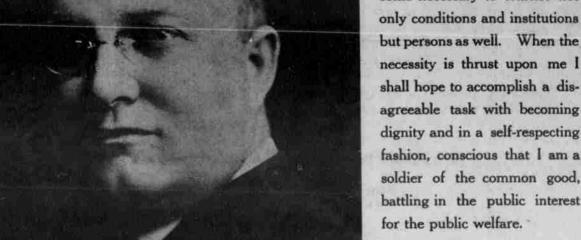
It will be the purpose of the new editor of Goodwin's Weekly to serve the community by fearless and independent criticism and by delivering not merely his own messages but messages which, from time to time, are suggested by others. In this way there will be always something to offer for the benefit of Salt Lake and Utah

I shall ask the support of the community for Goodwin's Weekly only insofar as my efforts are deserving and I believe I can make them deserving of the staunchest support. The editor guarantees not to be blatantly and brazenly censorious,

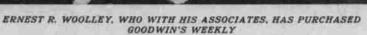
not to take himself too seriously, not to delude himself that the constantly in the shadow, with no gleams of good will from the burdens of the state, nation and city rest with unequal weight upon his shoulders. He will strive to be a friend to the community, to promote every worthy cause and to condemn only when condemnation is demanded by the public's welfare.

I have no grudges to serve, no vengeance to wreak, and no interests to assail simply for the purpose of being sensational. I trust rather in good will and friendliness than in dervish-like devices to arouse interest.





If excoriation were the sole province of a weekly journal it would be as wearisome as the jargon of a parrot whose training has been confined to cursing and blasphemy. It would be



high places, with none of the bracing airs of good humor that should temper life's competitions and combats.

Usually there is something to find fault with, something

It is my purpose, therefore, to bring to my readers as much of cheer as I can, to avoid the lugubrious, to smile as often as possible and frequently to laugh. And I desire to have the world laugh with me, inasmuch as I care little for the melancholy habit of weeping alone.

FRANK P. GALLAGHER.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JANUARY 11, 1919.